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PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The first concert for the season took place on Monday evening, before a crowded audience. The programme was as follows :

PART I.

SINFONIA in D, No. 7	HAYDN.
SONG, "The Quail," Miss Rainforth	BEETHOVEN.
CONCERTO, Pianoforte, Madame Oury, Op. 37	BEETHOVEN.
RECIT. ED ARIA, "Non più di fiori," Madame Albertazzi, (Corno di Bassotto obligato, Mr. Williams).....	MOZART.
OVERTURE, Les Deux Journées	CHERUBINI.

PART II.

SINFONIA in C Minor.....	BEETHOVEN.
ARIA, "Mentre ti Lascio," Signor F. Lablache	MOZART.
CONCERTO, Violin, in D. M. Sainton	SPOHR.
TERZETTO, "Soave conforto," Miss Rainforth, Madame Albertazzi, and Signor F. Lablache (Zelmira).....	ROSSINI.
OVERTURE, La Chasse du Jeune Henri	MEHUL.
Leader, Mr. Loder. Conductor, Sir H. Bishop.	

The symphonies—two of the best of their respective composers—were executed with a degree of coarseness which must be traced to the utter insubordination of the magnificent *material* of which the band is formed, and which, skilfully marshalled, might be made to distance all competitors. The overtures were not much better. That of Méhul, by the way, is a mere ballet prelude, and has no business in a classical programme. Méhul was the greatest of the French composers, and, surely, something more serious might have been selected, from his works, than a collection of tunes that have been long familiar to barrel organs. Every movement of every instrumental piece was taken too slowly, and the effect all the evening was as if some invisible drag-chain were obstructing the efforts of every member of the orchestra. The accompaniments to the concertos and, still more, to the vocal pieces, were greatly deficient in finish. Where, however, energy and force were required the vast resources of the band came out with their accustomed brilliancy. The vocal music could hardly have been more happily selected, and, indeed, the whole programme, with a single exception, was highly creditable to the taste of the directors.

Madame Oury, with a trifle more power, and a more effective pianoforte, (a weaker one in tone than that of Monday night could hardly have been selected) would have few rivals to stand

in fear of, among our female pianists. She has less fire and less variety of passion in her style than Madame Pleyel, but is quite her equal in neatness and has not her fault of occasional exaggeration. The noble *concerto* of Beethoven received full justice at the hands of Madame Oury—and the cadence, though somewhat rambling in design, was a specimen of brilliant and highly-finished execution. Each movement was honoured with a burst of unanimous and enthusiastic applause.

M. Sainton is a healthy and energetic violinist. In fervour and animation of style he has few equals, and, if not always highly finished, his execution is brilliant and generally sure. The *concerto* of Spohr—a most happy introduction, for which M. Sainton merits warm eulogium—is a composition of great power and beauty. The first *Allegro* is nobly written—effective for the violin, and rich in its variety of orchestral effects. The slow movement is full of song, and the finale quaint and characteristic. M. Sainton gave to each movement its proper feeling, and his performance was momentarily interrupted by the loudest applause—a distinction entirely merited. Let us hope that the good example set by M. Sainton will induce violinists to explore still further the treasures of Spohr's violin music. We believe there are nine concertos, out of which hitherto we have only been publicly acquainted with the *Scene Dramatique*, which in plan and general interest is inferior to the one performed so admirably by M. Sainton on Monday night.

Miss Rainforth gave the "Song of the Quail," which gains much by the orchestral accompaniments, with brilliant execution and refined taste. Madame Albertazzi sang the *scena* of Mozart magnificently, and was received with the loudest applause. In many points she recalled Malibran strongly to our memory. We well remember this lovely song, and almost lovelier songstress, in the self-same room, and on the occasion, too, of the last Philharmonic concert for the season,—how electric was the effect produced! It was the last occasion of our hearing Malibran. A month or two subsequently she was in her shroud, and the tears of Europe flowed for her loss! Madame Albertazzi bids fair to outshine all competitors during the coming season. She was never in such fine voice, and her style is perfecting by experience. Once more let us ask why she is not at our Italian Opera? What contralto have we, or are we likely to have, to equal her, on the boards of her Majesty's Theatre? Frederic Lablache deserves the warmest praise for

choosing one of the greatest songs of Mozart, and for the admirable spirit and pure taste with which he interpreted it. It was deservedly applauded. The trio of Rossini wanted rehearsal—moreover, clever as it is, we fancy it somewhat too hacknied for a Philharmonic concert. The next concert, which is expected to be very attractive, is fixed for April 14th.

* * The *Times*, in an article more romantic than intelligible, makes some odd blunders while writing of the C minor symphony of Beethoven. It speaks of the "majesty and grandeur of its conception"—we should have thought *one* would have done, majesty and grandeur when applied to musical compositions being synonymous. It adds—"This colossal work with its great unity of ideas"—but we are impressed with a notion that the C minor symphony is rather remarkable for the *number and variety* of its ideas—and besides, "unity of ideas" is hardly correct English. The *Times*, indeed, would seem to consent with us, for it afterwards cites the "grandeur and variety of the work," which, it says, "renders essential a firm and dexterous hand, and a certain warmth of temperament, to give all the light and shade, all the passion by which it is distinguished." The *Times* professes not to have found this on Monday night—and we are inclined to think the same want would have been observable on Tuesday night, or any other night—for we defy the *Times* itself to explain its own meaning. There is a jargon of amateur musical critics, and a jargon of amateur painting critics, and the great word of each is "light and shade"—which they sport on all occasions without the least notion of what the phrase involves. Further on the *Times* observes—"We heard none of that exciting *crescendo* that moves an entire audience"—but what that may be is no more explained than the other. "Such"—however, says the *Times*,—"as there ought to be in the *scherzo* WHICH OPENS THE FINALE." How can a *scherzo* open a *finale*? Further on the *Times* recommends the abandonment of "the bad old custom of letting the principle instrument start first after a pause, when all the instruments of the same kind should begin together, as the *basses* in the beginning of the *scherzo*." A most vile old custom, certainly, would this be—but alas! it exists only in the brain of the *Times* critic;—a conductor would deserve to be sent to Bedlam for the indulgence of such a custom, and few would pronounce his punishment unjust. "IF THE WHOLE BAR WERE MARKED" (!!) proceeds the *Times*, "as is done in Germany and France, the players would all start at the same moment and not one after the other"—if at the same moment we concede they would not be *one after the other*—but, in the name of Horatius Coclès, what does the writer mean by "if the whole bar were marked?" The *Musical Union* itself would be at a loss to explain this. "These remarks"—continues the *Times*—"apply to the general style of execution at these concerts, but we make them in reference to this magnificent symphony, because it is a work in which the utmost perfection is required, and in which the defects we have named are most apparent." So that Beethoven, after all, is the aggressor and the Philharmonic orchestra blameless—for these defects are apparent in his magnificent symphony! "We do not"—concludes the *Times*—"enter into minute details"—(Qy.—because you cannot)—"but only ask how it was that the conductor allowed the oboe to introduce extraneous ornamental notes during the pause in the second movement." This is quite enough for Mr. Grattan Cooke—but, as it happens, both he and Sir Henry Bishop were inno-

cent of any such infringement of strict propriety. In the cadence for the oboe—which occurs in the *first* movement, instead of the second as the *Times* has it—Mr. Cooke played what Beethoven has written, and nothing more. We certainly objected to the lengthy duration of the note G—but a pause is placed over that note by the composer, and it is at the discretion of the performer how long he shall remain on it. The *Times* observes, with graphic simplicity—"These notes were not written by Beethoven, and in works of this high order *not a note* should be added"—to which we eagerly assent. "Nor"—continues the *Times*—"do we find the *ophicleide* in its place in the *finale* of this symphony. Beethoven wrote the part for a *contra-fagotto*." Nor did we find the *ophicleide* in its place. Like the ships that could not be seen because they were out of sight, the *ophicleide* was not found in its place because it was not present—but we found the bass trombone sadly out of its place, and should have hailed, with the *Times*, the substitution of the *contra-fagotto*, as indicated by the score of Beethoven. The *Times* observes, at the end of its article, that—"The vocal music was as usual at these concerts"—evidently meaning to be very severe. The unjustness of the irony, however, renders it harmless. The vocal music, as not usual at these concerts, was throughout of a first-rate order, as may be seen by referring to the programme, and very well sung in the bargain. We are not in an ill humor with the *Times*, but we cannot resist the pleasure of rating a critic who ventures out of his depth for the purposes of censure. The Philharmonic has its sins to answer for, and we are not over lenient in our own strictures, but we cannot abide the empty truisms and bluster of gentlemen, whose only guarantee for offering opinions on musical matters is their connection with the daily press, which is notoriously ignorant on subjects of art generally. To conclude, we do not care a pinch of snuff for the *Times* or any other newspaper, and therefore say our say without flinching. Pointless weapons cannot pierce, and ill-natured criticisms, clad in a jargon of unmeaning, are equally innoxious. The rigmarole of last January, "got by Herr Schaffner out of Queen Square" (as a horse jockey would say) to wit—and "to whom."

J. W. D.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.

The last *soirée* of the second series of concerts given by this society took place on Thursday evening, in the presence of a highly respectable, though very crowded audience. Few things of late years have excited such an influence over the efforts of rising English musicians as this society. From his very position the English musician is in some measure deprived of advantages which are indiscriminately bestowed upon the merest wanderer whom chance directs to our shores. It may be said that this is now an old grievance. That we are writing as though under the influence of some morbid, selfishly English prejudices. That, in fact, we are grievance-mongers. Men who pick up a wrong as dogs do bones—men whose very happiness (to use a contradiction) exists in the enjoyment of miseries—somewhat in the Rogerian school of sentiment—the "I would not if I could be gay"—school. True, it is rather an old subject, and somewhat musty, more's the shame. The fault lies not at our door. It stands in the every-day street—we cannot without closing our eyes avoid the reality. It is an old grievance—old even as the days when Johnson sent his first unknown contributions to the "Gentleman's Magazine." And to those who are inclined to consider us narrow-minded in our

opinions as to the patronage bestowed upon foreigners, we can only beg them to turn to the early pages of the life of Dr. Johnson. And, though we hold Johnson to be an extraordinary man, we at the same time distinctly decline any intention of going the whole length of the Doctor's opinions upon things general. We said that from his position the English musician suffers many disadvantages—we now prove it. If a stranger to this country inquired where the works of native artists were to be heard, what would be the reply? Would the answer be a request to attend the concerts of the Royal Academy? No; for English compositions seem to be excluded with a most singular watchfulness, or unpardonable neglect, from the concerts of that institution—English though it be—and founded, too, by George the Fourth. Even the very works of the students themselves, are seldom to be seen in the programmes of that institution. Whether the latter circumstance arises from the dearth of invention, or lack of exertion on the part of the students, we know not. In our own opinion we imagine the fault lies not with the students alone. Would the stranger be directed to the Philharmonic Society? Because that body distinguished itself by its unflinching advocacy of talent, even if found in an Englishman? Because it most jealously excluded all exotic productions, save those worthy the genius of a genuine mind? Would the stranger be directed to that society because its principles were formed by no other feeling than the wish to promote art for the sake of art? Or would the stranger be directed to that Philharmonic, which, in its undisguised love of art, *black-balled* and excluded a man possessing the energies of John Barnett? Would the stranger, then, be directed to the—we were going to say the *Ancients*—but that would be too good a joke when we are really serious—though, by the way, even at an ancient concert, from some singular cause an English production has appeared, even in the life-time of the composer, but we cannot say any thing as to the effect created. Whether his Grace of Wellington found it more congenial to his dozing, or less narcotic than other prescriptions, or whether the noses of the aristocracy felt inconvenienced, from the titillation produced by English airs coming betwixt the wind and their nobility, whatever the effects were we are profoundly ignorant. Had any serious catastrophe happened, we should, doubtless, have been advertised of the same by the court newsmen. Then where would a stranger be able to hear any thing of the productions of English musicians?—cries the already impatient reader. We really know not how to reply, unless we direct him to the Society of British Musicians. And now that we think again, it appears to us the *only* place where such a desire could be gratified. It would be absurd to refer the stranger to the various concerts of the season, any more than to the doings of the "Musical Union." The only locality, then, devoted to indigenous art is the Society of British Musicians. Following the principles laid down at its commencement, this society has been the means of doing a service to English art, the effect of which at present can hardly be ascertained, though the list of works brought forward during the last year *alone* is quite sufficient to explode all doubt as to the working of the society. Whilst other institutions exhibit such a selfish unpatriotic feeling, as regards English artists or English compositions, this society has invariably endeavoured to bring forward both. Nor have its efforts been unrewarded. The state of this society is now in a most promising way. It is quietly but firmly pursuing its course. Accidents may sometimes thwart its onward direction, and for a season delay it, but its career can never be stopped whilst it continues to hold up for its beacon the great principle of its vitality, and to the world at large the proof that by that principle *alone* it continues to be influenced. Though

we cannot say too much on the behalf of this truly patriotic and deserving institution, we must, nevertheless, advance some observations as to the proceedings of its committee. We do not wish to intimate even the suspicion of censure against that body, as it is worthy of much praise for the manner in which it has fulfilled its somewhat difficult duties; but we think more care should be administered in the formation of its programmes. Many works have there appeared hardly worthy of any concert, and much less fitted for the soirées of the British Society. And what renders their admission still less excusable, is the circumstance of their being the works of men, not only non-members, but foreigners. If the committee cannot amongst the members themselves obtain works to supply their programmes at all times, let more care be manifest in the choice of the works of foreigners. Let not our readers suppose for one moment that when we speak of the works of "foreigners," we do so under the influence of any Anglo-prejudice. On the contrary, we think that the exclusion of compositions of *real genius by writers of any country* should never be for a moment sanctioned, for no one can pretend to be ignorant of the immense benefit conferred upon English musicians by the works of the great masters. We only protest against the admission of works which have no intrinsic merit. If a stop-gap be wanted, give the advantage of the opportunity to some unknown aspirant—if it be only for principle sake. If no *new works* can be found, why not repeat some of the many already performed; surely they can be listened to a second time at least! We should also suggest in future a greater number of trials in the presence of those upon whom the direction of the concerts devolves; if the trials are frequent, members will not have an excuse for indolence, by exclaiming about the difficulties of having their compositions tried. We speak, of course, with reference to trials consisting of vocal solos, or concerted pieces, or piano compositions, whether duets or quartets, as we are too well aware of the difficulty and expense attending orchestral rehearsals, to expect many in the course of the year. We would also suggest that, whenever a work is introduced for the *first* time, it should be presented with every possible advantage of circumstance and position. It is well known that this principle is not followed out by the Royal Academy, as there the compositions of students or members are often the most carelessly rehearsed—but that is no reason why the British Society should follow such a system, or rather exhibit such a want of system.

We must now direct our readers' attention to the programme of Thursday evening, which was as follows:—

Quartet, in G, No. 1, Op. 10, two violins, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. Gattie, H. Wheatley, Wesley, and Bonner	Mozart.
Song, "O, Nightingale," Miss Rollo Dickson	E. J. Loder.
Song, (M.S.) Mr. Lockey	Kohl.
Trio, pianoforte, harp, and horn, Messrs. H. Brinley Richards, A. F. Toulmin, and E. B. Harper	Bochsa.
Glee, four voices, (M.S.) first time of performance, Miss Rollo Dickson, Miss Lockey, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Calkin	James Calkin.
Sonata, pianoforte.	
Duet, "Evening," (from M.S. opera, Die Weldon,) Miss Lockey, and Miss H. Groom	W. S. Rackstraw.
Song, "Ye bright, happy visions," Mr. Calkin	Joseph Calkin, Jun.
Song, "May," Miss Lockey	F. Kucken.
Military septet, for pianoforte, flute, violin, clarinet, violoncello, trumpet, and contra basso, Miss Calkin, Messrs. Clinton, Gattie, Key, Bonner, Macfarlane, and T. H. Severn	Hummel.
The national anthem, "God save the Queen," arranged by	H. B. Richards.
The vocal music accompanied by Mr. Henry Boys.	
Director for the evening, Mr. Clinton.	

We are sorry to find such a lack of new works—for the programme exhibits but two prefaced with the significant (M.S.) The first of these two are not by a member, but by Köhl. The second, a very well written and pleasing work by Mr. Calkin. Köhl's song was given by Mr. Lockety, who received a sincere encore. Mr. Calkin's composition is a glee for four voices, and contains many nice vocal effects. It was rendered most efficiently by Miss Rollo Dickson, Miss Lockety, Mr. Lockety, and Mr. Calkin, Jun. The concert should have opened with Mozart's quartet No. 1. But, from the sudden illness of Mr. Gattie, the trio for piano, harp, and horn was substituted. The pianoforte part was performed by Mr. Brinley Richards, the harp by Mr. Toulmin, and the horn, which was excellently played, by E. B. Harper. The quartet came later in the evening—Mr. Blagrove kindly supplying the place of Mr. Gattie. The other performers were Messrs. Wheatley, Westlake, and Bonner. To say any thing of the playing of Mr. Blagrove would be superfluous, and we can only add that the quartets went off admirably. Miss Rollo Dickson sang with much success a light sparkling composition by E. J. Loder. The second part was to have begun with a quartet or trio by Mr. Horsley, but, owing to the difficulty of getting a rehearsal, it was intended to have supplied the deficiency with a pianoforte duo of Onslow, which Messrs. Horsley and Brinley Richards were requested to perform. But, as the secretary was unable to find either of those gentlemen in time for any trial, the committee was obliged to solicit the assistance of Mr. Brinley Richards, who at a momentary notice opened the second part, by playing an andante and caprice in F minor of his own. Miss Lockety and Miss H. Groom sang with great feeling and judgment a (M.S.) duet by Mr. W. S. Rackstraw. The duet is taken from the opera of *Die Weldon*. Mr. Calkin, whose style is rapidly improving, gave considerable satisfaction by the delivery of one of his own songs:—"Ye bright happy visions." This was followed by a song by Kucken—who is not, we believe, a member—and, if not a member, the song had no claim of its own to render it deserving of an admission to these *soirées*. Hummel's military septet by Miss Calkin, (whose interpretation of the piano part deserves great credit) Messrs. Clinton, Blagrove, Key, Bonner, Macfarlane, and Seavern, went off with great spirit, and gave considerable satisfaction. The evening terminated with the national anthem, sung according to the arrangement by Brinley Richards. The vocalists were Miss Lockety, Miss Groom, Miss Rollo Dickson, Mr. Lockety, and Mr. Calkin.

At the foot of the programme was an announcement that the *soirées* will be resumed early in October, and the following paragraph on a subject of equal interest:—

The catalogue of the library being in the course of revision, members and friends of the society disposed to present any works, are requested to forward them as early as possible to the secretary, at 23, Berners Street, that they may be inserted in the new edition.

Every member should put his shoulder to the wheel in the aid of the library, which some day may be one of the great strongholds of the society.—(*From a Correspondent.*)

THE BATTLE OF THE SYSTEMS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

My dear Mr. Editor, though you invite,
In the "Musical World," me to scribble my mite,
Your last of such *erudite* articles teems,
That for me to contribute superfluous seems.

And, indeed, where's the subject, if one felt inclined?
'Twould puzzle a lawyer to make up one's mind.
If the scales, Enharmonic, Chromatic, or t'other—
I try to explain, why 'tis not worth the bother, }
They're turned topsy turvey by one or another.
And then of the "Consonant," "dissonant" stuff,
For my part I think we have had *quantum suf.*
Of J. M. X. Molineux, French Flowers, and Clare,
I'm sure all your friends will tell you, BEWARE!
And as for their "notions," why who cares a pin
Whether they in their notions are out or are in?
I hope that no more we shall have about Psalms,
'Tis really enough to give me the qualms.
In articles written by Henry C. Lunn,
There's good common sense, as well as good fun.
Pray do, my dear sir, with more of these treat us,
And give all those dull dogs a "reglar quietus";
I'm sure of your readers you'll blige not a few,
And confer a great favor on yours truly, Q.

COME TO ME, LOVE!

(For music.)

Come to me, Love! when the sun is seeking
Its rest in the deep blue sea;
When eve the bright flow'rs in dew is steeping,
And no breeze stirs yonder tree.

Come to me, Love! when twilight is blending
Deep gloom with the fading light,
And the philomel sweetly is sending
His song on the air of night.

When the holy convent bell is chiming
The hour for evening pray'r,
And through the deep skies the moon is climbing,
And the stars are peeping there.

Come to me, then, Love! in that quiet hour,
Each care from thy brow I'll chase;
Thy sadness shall yield to the magic pow'r
Of my tender, fond embrace.

Musings of a Musician.

BY HENRY C. LUNN.

"Why these are very crotchets that he speaks;
Notes, notes, forsooth, and noting!"

SHAKESPEARE.

No. XIV.

MUSIC, AS VARIOUSLY INTERPRETED.

A certain fondness for a scientific arrangement of sounds, conveyed to the ear through the medium of voices or instruments, appears to be innate; but it is curious to observe what a different set of ideas the word *music* will conjure up in different individuals. The art, in its highest and most intellectual sense, is comparatively known but to few; yet so carefully is this fact disguised throughout society, that, unless you penetrate a little beneath the surface, you can scarcely form a notion how small a portion of those who profess to be "passionately" fond of music, have ever heard, or desired to hear, the finest works of our great composers.

Take a family in the higher ranks of society, for instance, and question them upon their love for the art. You will find that *their* musical ambition is limited to a box at Her Majesty's Theatre. The singers, and not the composers, occupy their thoughts: they think not of *what* they hear, but of *who* they hear. An opera, to them, is a species of composition full of delightful solos for the principal vocalists, and the dreary filling up between these solos gives them ample time to look round the house and converse with their friends. The names of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and many others, are almost unknown to them; for the short time they devote to the practice of the art is usually spent in playing or singing the airs they have heard at the opera. Thus, although they imagine that they are enjoying the highest gratification which music is capable of bestowing, they are, in reality, precisely in the same situation as a so-called lover of poetry would be who had scarcely read a line of the first poets in his life.

Next let us take one of a very numerous class of young men: the youth who spends his evenings out, and professes to be a "judge of good singing." His ideas are limited to Harmonic Meetings; and he calls Brooke a "good fellow, without any nonsense about him," because he takes the chair, and does not mind singing when he's asked: he rather thinks that music is a promoter of drink, and thinks it does not go badly with smoke. In the season he always attends the Promenade concerts, and thinks that man the best conductor who throws himself into the greatest number of attitudes. He has heard of the overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," and he has read of the beauties of the Sinfonia Eroica, but he hears that they are very heavy, and he gradually gets out of the habit of thinking of them. He never goes to a first-rate concert, because he cannot afford to pay half a guinea to "look grand," and he rather thinks that people are great fools who do. He occasionally visits the gallery of the Opera, in order to talk about Grisi and Lablache at quadrille parties; but this is seldom, and he is secretly glad when it is over. In company he says that he is "extremely partial to music;" and, as the style of composition which he admires is music, why he says truly.

Let us now turn to the boarding-school young ladies, and speak of the art to one of its inmates. What will be the thoughts uppermost in her mind? Music to her is something which takes up about half an hour, and is nothing like so pleasant as dancing. The chief impression made upon her by the morning's lesson, is usually that of extreme weariness, and an ill-concealed joy that it is over for the day. She only recollects that she put her first finger *here*, and her second finger *there*, and that she was scolded until the tears started into her eyes, for putting her thumb upon the black notes. She has a vague notion that all pianoforte music consists of certain airs from operas, which composers seize hold of, and, taking advantage of their weakness, torture to such an extent, that their best friends would scarcely know them: the only question, therefore, in choosing a new piece, is what airs shall be tortured, and who shall torture them. Thus she is early taught to consider the art as a mere plaything; and (as she learns to nurse and dress her doll) she is satisfied when she knows how to play with it properly.

If the truth of the foregoing sketch be acknowledged, it will be at once seen that, although it is the fashion in the present day for all persons to know something of music, not only is the number of those who regard it as an intellectual art exceedingly small, but, unless the fact be generally admitted and inquired into, it is not unlikely that it will remain so for ever.

It appears to me that the great evil lies in the usual mode of education. In order to form the taste to enjoy good music, it is necessary to teach good music; and, in order to teach good music, it is necessary to know how to teach it. By this I do not mean that it will only be requisite for the Tutor *himself* to comprehend it: he must, also, be able to understand how to impress his ideas upon the pupil, and, as this is a matter totally apart from *playing*, it by no means follows that a first-rate performer should be a first-rate teacher: indeed I have found that, in most things, a person of great acquirements invariably experiences much difficulty in conveying his knowledge to others.

I recollect when I was at school, our Tutor was considered to be a man of profound erudition: he had, certainly, travelled far beyond the usual routine of an English education; and it was on this account, I presume, that he imagined himself duly qualified to enact the duties of a school-master: unfortunately, however, he had studied *books*, and not *boys*; if they did not learn, he had but one reason for it—they were *stupid*—and, acting fully upon this doctrine, he kept a large cane close to his hand, which he used on all occasions, as a quack doctor prescribes an universal medicine—because it is the only mode of treatment he understands. In spite of this persuasive mode of argument, however, one scholar remained immovable: he would neither learn, nor *seem* to learn, and he was, therefore, voted a dunce, and given over to the care of one of the elder boys, who promised to "do what he could with him." To the surprise of every one, the "dunce" began now to show as much avidity for learning, as he had before shown an aversion for it: he read, wrote, and ciphered with the best of them, and, when asked what had produced this remarkable change, he unhesitatingly declared that he should have done so before if any body had taught him like Bob. I need scarcely add that "Bob" was, in due time, promoted to the rank of teacher; and that he was used, on many future occasions, as a very convenient blind to hide the defects of his master.

This little anecdote will tend to strengthen my assertion, that, in teaching any thing, the taste must not be forced, but directed. Whilst there are very many persons in the present day entrusted with the musical training of the rising generation, who not only have no right to be in that position, but who, if they were compelled previously to undergo the slightest ordeal, would, most assuredly, never have been placed there—whilst the master bestows all his attention upon the *hand*, and never thinks of the *head*—it is useless to hope for any thing like a sound education. Before we blame the public, therefore, for not liking first-rate

productions, let us see what opportunities they have ever had of hearing them performed: it is not only to the diffusion of music amongst the people that our thoughts must be directed, but to the scientific education of the people to appreciate it. As any thing which tends to promote this end *must be good*, it is obvious that any thing which tends to retard it *must be bad*; and it is on this account that I have ever deprecated narrow and sectarian views upon subjects which, in this age of improvement, have been, and must still be, frequently brought beneath our notice. The popularization of music I have always advocated, and it is this cause which I shall continue to advocate as long as I have the power of writing or thinking upon the art.

Original Correspondence.

THE ODE-SYMPHONY.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Mr. Editor,

When I behold, week after week, your columns filled with letters from amateurs who modestly confess to their ignorance and stupidity in musical matters, as well as letters from erudite professors who subscribe to neither ignorance nor stupidity, but display both to very great advantage by their pedantry and affectation, I feel you will not refuse room in your journal, to an humble lover of your art, who pleads not to the innocence of one section of your correspondents, nor turn to the technical revelations of the other. Sir, I am literally no musician; and, if we investigate the articles on musical matters in the principal morning papers, it would seem that I require no knowledge of music whatsoever to criticise music. Therefore I make bold to demand a place in your pages. Sir, no era of the musical world ever called for the veritable power and truth of criticism more energetically than the present time. Since the days of Handel and Jackson of Exeter, the genius of music hath slept like a surfeited leviathan; and if we omit Kreutzer's *Lodoiska*, and Jullien's symphony, *The Last Judgment*, no mighty inspiration hath stirred up the monster to life and creation. With these two grand exceptions, and most likely all the new operas of late years, every production hath proved itself "stale, flat," if not always "unprofitable." Sir, a genius with a more gorgeous turn of thought than Kreutzer, with a more vivacious and interpenetrating intellect than Jullien, hath just started into momentaneous existence, and filled up the dreary void so long gaping wide in the musical planetary. Nature, it is said, abhors a vacuum; and I venture to assert no combinations of sound ever yet produced from mortal brain were more fitted to replenish, or more likely to occupy, empty space than the Ode-Symphony of M. David. This Ode is truly a great poetical abstraction. Jullien's magnificent Symphony may lay claim to more sublimity in its flights, a more extensive range, a wilder wing—but the Ode-Symphony of M. David, though more limited, is more direct—though less lofty, is more heavenward. It is the true *ignis vigor et celestis origo* of composition. The first and greatest charm of David's Symphony is its rigid adherence to nature. Here he stands in proximate consanguinity with Raphael and Byron. Mark the novelty and skill with which he handles his subject. Inferior artists, like Haydn and Mozart, would evoke to their assistance the common aids of melody and diversity:—but our author scouts the helps of such vulgar adjuncts. Nature and individuality constitute alone his object and his aim. "The Desert" is his theme—and what are the main features of the Desert? Coldness—bleakness—barrenness. Great Nature's promptings gave voice within him—and behold this mighty Ode wrought into being, more cold—more bleak—more barren than any music that ever went before. Variety forms a strong characteristic in the compositions of all the great masters; but M. David would have violated the intensity and singleness of his work did he render it from end to end otherwise than identical and monotonous. It does, in very certainty, possess that ONENESS which Coleridge, or some other great authority, hath established as an indispensability in productions of genius. It is indeed everywhere ONE and the same. The stern critic, when he hears the same phrase repeated for the hundredth time, unchanged—unmodulated—may perhaps exclaim—"O, damnable iteration!" but I pronounce this treatment of the subject the transfiguration of dramatic power. How simple, yet how grand is the March in the Desert! How surpassingly effective! True—the motive is insignificant, and no other change is sought therein beyond what the *Crescendo* produces: but insignificance is the chief characteristic of Arabian music, and the *Crescendo* may surely sufficiently represent the approach of a caravan. How magnificently the *Crescendo* is managed. It is the most vivacious embodiment of sense by sound ear ever drank in. The first phrase struck—it was no longer music—'twas a picture—a poem—reality. The second phrase—clouds of sand appeared

in the distance: the music proceeded—a confused murmur was heard afar off: anon I caught the tramp of men and horses—the cavalcade approached—it became visible—the banners waved, the lances flashed—the Bedouin stood before me pitching his tent, and the women milked the mares. By what simple means doth genius vivify and propound her mightiest inspirations! Here I must confess it occurred to me that M. David might have greatly added to the truthfulness of the picture; namely, had he, when the caravan wheeled into sight through the defile, halted it in mid march, and made the orchestra strike up “The Camels are coming.” The Storm was on a still more comprehensive scale than the March:—it was a perfect Arabia Petrea Simoom, deafening and dusty, obtrusive and incomprehensible. But the skill of the musician did not stop with copying physical nature—the moral world was summoned to his aid—the passions of the restless wanderers bestrode the tempest and the clouds; and chiefly LIBERTY, for I beheld William Tell attenuated and dim amid the desolation. A very pleasing and novel effect was produced where the author illustrates the Silence in the Desert by the horns sustaining one note for several bars. It is almost needless to observe that the common mode of expressing silence is no other than—to make use of a vulgar term—“by holding your noses.” But this would be neither poetical nor intelligible; and the composer, with fine judgment, chose the softest instruments of the band to exemplify NOTHING. Unfortunately this grand intention was completely frustrated by the incapacity or repetition of one of the performers. Mr. P., who was one of the representatives of Silence, finding himself outblown, paused to fetch his wind, and the Silence was broken. This gentleman, in conscience, seems long enough for all pneumatic purposes; but, alas! his breath is not equal to his length. I will conclude with two lines which I have translated from the Persian poet, Hafiz; and which, as a matter of course, my readers will take in its most opposite sense.

“Al-lah, al-lah, al-lah, alas!
How folks will bray to laud an ass!”

FIGARO.

MR. LAVENU'S CONCERT.

London, March 19th, 1845.

Sir,

I never went to such a large concert in my life where the programme was so poor as it was at Covent Garden Theatre last evening. Several of the performers were absent, but that, of course, could not be helped, as it was through illness, but I think that their names should not have appeared in the bills at all, as they were, most probably, unwell before the bills were printed, and which Mr. Lavenue, I should think, knew. Mr. John Parry arrived too late to take his part in the order of the programme, and, to crown all, Mr. Lavenue thought proper to omit altogether the instrumental finale, without assigning any reason, a most abominable thing to have done. I do not wish to find fault with the performers in the slightest degree, but I think that a man should not give a concert at all, if he cannot accomplish what he undertakes.

I shall feel greatly obliged if you insert this in your valuable journal merely for the sake of example.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

E. F.

Reviews.

“Melodie.”—*piano seul*—FELICIEN DAVID. (Hill and Co.)

The early works of this newly famous composer are now seized upon with avidity by the publishers, who erst would not give him a *sou* for a MS. Accordingly, the musical press teems with scraps of all kinds, vocal and instrumental—bagatelles of which the author of the “Desert” thought little or nothing himself when he composed them, and is not likely to think more favorably now. The present trifle, however, is one of the prettiest we have seen. It is a short and agreeable melody, remarkable for smoothness and unpretension. The key is E flat, and the measure *à la valse*.

“Let God arise”—*verse anthem* by DR. GREENE—*arranged for organ or piano* by E. STURGES. (J. Surman.)

There is much clever writing in this composition, which is divided into six sections:—verse and chorus in C major—verse

and chorus in C minor—*bass solo* in C major—verse and chorus in G major—*alto solo* in E minor—and final chorus in C major. The whole is admirably voiced, and proves the writer to be a skilful contrapuntist. Some of the harmonies of the old English school of church writers are noble and pure, others are not so well attuned to ears saturated with modern prejudices, which we profess ourselves to be. In the first part, Dr. Greene has an example of F sharp bass, with F natural, and D suspended over E and C—in other words, a chord of nothing at all suspended over the chord of the major seventh on F sharp. This we cannot admire, though sanctified by the authority of Dr. Greene. The second verse and chorus in C minor has some fine points of harmony, and the bass part rolls on with a Handelian power of continuity. The bass solo, No. 3, is not remarkable. The fourth verse and chorus in G major, with a character of dotted notes admirably sustained, is a powerful piece of contrapuntic writing. No. 5, a tenor solo in E minor, has quaintness, but is full of stops on half closes. The final chorus in C major, is ingenious writing, and boasts of some bold progressions, but the whole is dry and lacks melody—which, by the way, is the point wherein we find all our English church composers deplorably deficient. Good contrapuntists and fine harmonists as they are, they are altogether devoid of passion—wherein they prove themselves rather mathematicians (not *philosophers*) than poets. The arrangement of Mr. Sturges is able, and the publisher deserves credit for reproducing a work which might have been forgotten—which is much better than the anthems we ordinarily listen to in our chapels—and which bids fair to be generally useful.

Provincial Intelligence.

DUBLIN.—(From a correspondent.) Mr. Mcintosh, the proprietor of the Dublin Music Hall, has just completed his season, having had Mr. Giulio Regondi, Mr. Henry Russell, Misses Morgan and Balfe (sister to the composer) as vocalists. Mr. Henry Russell became a great favourite with the Dublin audience, and has pocketed a round sum by his visit. He had, however, to work hard, being generally encored in six or seven songs each evening. The young ladies by their duet singing have established their reputation at this fashionable place of resort. Mr. Mcintosh will re-open in June for twelve months, when he, no doubt, will reap an equally good harvest. His judicious catering has led to the best results.

CHELTEMHAM.—Signor Emiliani's concert, at the residence of Mrs. Rycroft Best, was fashionably attended. The selection of music was happy, and the manner in which the compositions were executed afforded unmixed pleasure. Miss Paulina Smith and Mrs. A. Merridew sang each two or three songs in finished style. A ballad, entitled “Dream! in thine early days,” written expressly for Mrs. Merridew, and one of Rossini's favourite airs from the opera of “Tancredi,” by Miss Smith, were among the most successful efforts of the evening. Signor Orsini and Mr. E. Page took part with the ladies in several duets. Signor Emiliani executed four fantasias on the violin in the most brilliant manner. Ernst's delicious “Elegie,” played with great tenderness, was the feature of this concert.

A new entertainment by Mr. Wilson, the illustrator of Scottish song and story, was produced at the Assembly Rooms on Wednesday, the 2nd of April. Like his “Nights w' Burns,” and his “Adventures of Prince Charlie,” this favourite vocalist's new entertainment consists of selections of some of the most curious or popular songs and legendary ballads of Old Scotland—and we have no doubt but “Wandering Willie's Wallet” will prove as popular and entertaining as any of its precursors.

Miss Nicholson's concert at the Literary Institution, we fear, proved a profitless speculation. The young lady sang two or three songs, but her agitation prevented her doing them the justice of which her voice appeared capable. When she attains greater confidence, Miss Nicholson will, in all probability, prove an agreeable vocalist. Mr. Evans sang “The Maid of Llangollen,” and one or two other ballads effectively; and Messrs. Uglow, Royal, and Morgan, contributed, as instrumentalists, to give interest to the concert.—(Looker on.)

Foreign Intelligence.

MILAN. — (*Extract from a letter.*)—This evening (March 16) is the last of the Scala for the present season, and we are invited to a box. They say it will be one of the finest things possible for a foreigner to witness. The enthusiasm of the Italians is so great, that, on the last night of the season, and of the appearance of Frezzolini and Elssler, they appear to be quite out of their senses. I am afraid to tell you what they say the flowers will cost that are to be thrown to them; and after the opera is over, which will not be before two o'clock, there is to be a serenade at the hotel where Elssler resides, in honor of her talent. The people here are quite mad about her. (Sunday.)—I can now give you some account of our amusement last night. I never could have imagined such a scene as the Scala presented after the ballet was over. Elssler was called for twenty-six times, and each time the flowers were showered upon her from all parts of the house in such profusion that, at last, the stage was covered with them ankle deep. Some of the nosegays were as large in circumference as a breakfast table, carried on by men, and placed at her feet;—at the same time, from the upper boxes, were thrown thousands of sonnets, addressed to her. They were above three quarters of an hour collecting the flowers, which were placed in baskets and carried to her hotel. There was then a serenade with two of the military bands, which did not conclude till past three in the morning.

BERLIN. — On Good Friday last, at the Vocal Academy here, Spohr's Oratorio, "*The Fall of Babylon*," and Sebastian Bach's "*Passions*," were produced. It may not be uninteresting to the readers of the "*Musical World*" to know, that the first public performance of the "*Passions*" took place on Good Friday, in the year 1729, in St. Thomas's Church, at Leipzig. During the afternoon service, between the first and second parts, the sermon was preached, the whole congregation joining in the choruses. Bach himself presided at the organ. As an instance of Dr. Mendelssohn's wonderful memory, we can adduce the following as authentic:—In 1829, the anniversary of the production of the "*Passions*" a performance took place at Berlin, under the direction of Mendelssohn, when he was only twenty years of age. At the general rehearsal the score could not be found; but Mendelssohn at once surmounted this obstacle by proceeding to the piano and conducting the entire work—directing each vocal part as they had to join the harmony, just as if the score was lying before him. This might almost be thought a fable had not so many eye-witnesses been present. Sophia Lowe, after four years' absence, made her debut on the 14th ult. Her voice has increased in power, and much improved in the lower notes; her intonation is correct and distinct throughout a range of two octaves and a half, from G to the lower octave of C. Mademoiselle Jenny Lind is at present making a professional tour; she appeared on the 19th ult., in Hanover, as *Norma*. She was received with enthusiasm, and was five times called for.—(*Communicated by* ALBERT SCHLOSS.)

Miscellaneous.

LE DESERT. — Mr. Lumley deserves warm gratitude for giving the English public so capital an opportunity of judging this new French monstrosity. A magnificent band and chorus, marshalled in superlatively admirable style by Costa, did one hundred times more than justice to M. Felicien David's work—so eccentrically entitled an *ode-symphony* though it hath none of

the requisites of either symphony or ode. To make short tale of the matter, the *Desert* is a long piece of ballet-music, remarkable for a plentiful lack of ideas and a skilful handling of the orchestra. It has not the tunefulness which marks the ballet music of Signor Pugni, nor the piquant characteristics which interest us in M. Adolf Adam, nor the contrapuntic oddity which distinguishes the "musical meditations" of the ex-professor Pearson (late from Edinburgh), nor the playfulness with which the effusions of Dr. Gauntlett are instinct, nor many other things which it might possess, either to its advantage or the contrary. But we stop here;—we are preparing a detailed analysis of the work, coupled with sundry inquiries into the causes of Parisian celebrity, together with other matters highly instructive and interesting; therefore, till next time, we hold ourselves quit of M. David and his *Desert*. On Thursday night there was a crowded attendance at the Opera, but, we fear, not much scudi in the hands of the check-taker. We observed M. M. Escudier on the right wing (in a box) and M. Jullien on the left wing (in a box), applauding with ferocious vehemence, one party from a tender interest, the other from a certain sympathy of *taste*—for between the *Last Judgment* of M. Jullien and the *Desert* of M. David there is not altogether an unpropinquity. Previous to the *Desert* we were favored with *echantillons* of M. David's early aspirations, rife with the promise so well fulfilled in the *ode-symphony*. These were not understood by the audience, who received them frigidly enough. Next Monday the *Desert* will be repeated, and we advise all our country friends to do *ourselves* the justice of verifying our opinion, by going to hear it. There are plenty of railroads, and the metropolis teems with excellent hostels—with stout and meat-pasties in profusion. Previous to the *Desert* we hear that a symphony of Beethoven will be played and perhaps an overture of Weber. If so alas! for poor M. David—he will be smothered altogether. We understand that M. M. Escudier have been advised to this by some friends—if so their motto should rightly be "Protect us from our friends!"—"Oh!" we mentally ejaculated as we listened to the emptiness of the *Desert*, on Thursday night—"how many a young composer of genius might have heart-throb after heart-throb—how his eyes might glisten, his bosom heave, his head split with keen delight, could he but hear one of his own cherished works interpreted by this magnificent orchestra, directed by this energetic conductor, Costa, who seems as though he were playing all the instruments himself;—and while such things *might be*, to be compelled to listen to this rapid trifling is sickening!" A liberal and eminent London firm,* have purchased the copyright of the *Desert* for £200. They need not fear honest criticism. The curiosity of the public will repay their outlay—and there are enough of *morceaux* in it, vocal and instrumental, that from their trifling character will sell as well as other ballads and quadrilles. We should regret were any English publishers to lose by this singular imposition on music and common sense, but we have had too much experience in such matters to doubt of their getting the money back—with one hundred per cent. interest. M. M. Escudier gave David sixty pounds for his symphony when he was almost in a destitute condition. Since that they have received four hundred pounds from Mr. Lumley, in addition to which they bargain for sixty pounds for each night of its performance in London. Add to this Messrs. Cramer and Beale's two hundred, and the various sums they have received at Brussels, Lyons, Lille, Bordeaux, and other French towns, with what they are yet likely to receive—and they will be enabled (and in all justice they ought) to make M. David an additional present of *five hundred pounds*. If they do not they are — but we are pretty sure they will not.

* Cramer, Beale, and Co.

ALBERT SMITH.—The pencil of M. Baugniet is wonderfully productive. Here we have an admirable likeness of the talented and versatile author of the "Scattergood Family," and other popular romances—which portrait every lover of modern fiction *must* necessarily hang up in his room. The resemblance is singularly striking. M. Baugniet has hit upon one of those happy moments, when the novelist, big with a coming thought, holds pen in hand, and menaces the paper with its realization. The idea clothes itself in words, the words dress themselves in verses, the verses tail themselves in rhymes—and lo! an immortal distich:—

The cock was of a larger egg,
Than modern poultry drop—

No; that is Alfred Tennyson—this is Albert Smith:—

And Science still her march keeps on;
But since that epoch dread,
Our legends old to their graves have gone,
And Romance herself has fled!

And a right good quatrain—one that Alfred Tennyson might have written without shame, and published without fear. There is more in Albert Smith than has yet come out of him. Let him throw off the shackles of the book-jobbers, and he will shortly fulfil his mission—which is that of a delightfully instructive and social writer, full of healthy philosophy and true poetry—not a myth, but a pleasant reality, at once to be understood and relished. By M. Baugniet's invaluable aid, Messrs. Leader and Cock bid fair to have an unrivalled gallery of modern celebrities.

HERR STAUDIGL will arrive in England on Monday or Tuesday. His friend and agent, Albert Schloss, has his hands full of engagements to greet him on his arrival.

LISZT.—This eccentric pianist has decided on visiting London during the present season. On leaving Lisbon he will make the tour of the Rhine provinces, and, probably, reach England about June.

MR. RANSFORD gave his entertainment of "Gipsy Life and Character" in the city on Monday, the 24th, and at the Literary and Scientific Institution, Leicester Square, on the 27th ult. with great success. At the latter Mr. Ransford was encored in two of his songs, and warmly applauded throughout. The lecturer was assisted by Miss Ellen Lyon, a very rising vocalist, and Mr. Emanuel, who presided at the pianoforte. Mr. Ransford will give his entertainment three nights the second week in April, in the Commercial Hall, Liverpool. He is engaged by the committee at the Beaumont Institution, Mile End, to deliver it there on the 12th of May. He is also engaged at Chester, Woodside, and Manchester, commencing on April the 7th.

FLUTE MUSIC.—Messrs. Cocks, and Co., of New Burlington Street, have favoured us with Part 2 of their catalogue, which embraces an immense number of elementary treatises and compositions of all classes, and every shade of difficulty for that popular instrument, the flute—the most complete thing of its kind with which we are acquainted. The catalogue also embraces a prodigious number of works for the cornet and cornepean, with military and orchestral music, in quartets, quintet, septet, and full orchestra—also tutors for every kind of instrument. This catalogue is well worthy the attention of amateurs and professors.

PARISH ALVARS.—Our clever countryman will not be in London during the present season. He is at present in Vienna, giving concerts with great success. He left Naples very lately, having been detained there by the effects of a serious accident which he met with in ascending Vesuvius,

which disabled him from playing for nearly two months. On leaving Vienna he proceeds to the north of Germany, and intends producing his new symphony and several other MS. compositions at Leipsic and elsewhere. After which, about the end of autumn, he will return to London, where he intends thenceforward to settle. Madame Alvares, who will of course accompany him, is also an excellent performer on the harp. M. Parish Alvares has completed two movements of the *concerto* expressly intended for Madame Dulcken. His accident has hitherto deferred the completion of the *Rondo Finale*—but he will soon resume his task. We understand that he has taken great pains with this *concerto*, which is likely to prove one of his most effective compositions.

CROSBY HALL.—Mr. N. J. Sporle's concert on Monday evening, was attended by an immense crowd, which completely overflowed the room. The programme was various and good, and was ably supported by the following artists. Miss Emma Lucombe, the Misses Williams, Miss Flower, Mrs. A. Newton, Messrs. Robinson, J. O. Atkins, Turner, and N. J. Sporle, vocalists—Mr. F. Chatterton, harp—Miss Dinah Farmer, grand pianoforte—Mr. Jarret, horn—Mr. Richardson, Nicholson flute—Mr. G. Case, violin—Mr. Sedgewick, concertina—Mr. Farquharson Smith, Henry Russell, Mr. Edney, and John Parry. The whole passed off with immense spirit. The Misses Williams were greatly applauded in Clement White's duet, "Tell sister, tell," and also in a new M.S. duet by Mr. Sporle, which is effective and clever. Mr. Sporle sang with great spirit three of his own compositions, one of which, "The Fairy Well," bids fair for speedy and general popularity. Mr. Sporle has an open unaffected manner, and a voice of power and agreeable quality. As we have not space to individualise in detail, we must be content to pronounce a general verdict of approval on the performances of all the artists engaged in this concert.

* * * Want of space compels us to postpone our "notices to correspondents," until our next number. Our Paris letter must share the same fate—also several reviews, and original letters and other articles.

Advertisements.

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(From America) will give his VOCAL ENTERTAINMENT, at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, on THURSDAY EVENING, APRIL 10. He will sing "The Slave Ship," "The Gambler's Wife," "The Maniac," "The Dream of the Reveller," "Cato's Soliloquy," "The General's Last Battle," &c. &c.

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I remain, Sir, &c. &c.

LISZT.

London, Oct. 15, 1842.

Sir.—It is with great interest that I have examined your *Chirogymnast*, and it appears to me, to be a very useful instrument in giving extension to the fingers, so absolutely necessary in the execution of modern compositions. It will undoubtedly have the result you contemplated, that is to say, in giving extension to the fingers and equalising their strength.

I have the honor to be, &c.

MOSCHELES.

London.

Sir.—It is with great pleasure that I acknowledge the merit of your invention. I think your instrument a most ingenious one, extremely simple in its method, and exceedingly well adapted to give strength and activity to the fingers; consequently cannot fail of being most useful to those who are desirous of playing on the Piano, and of acquiring a brilliant execution.

I have the honor to be, Sir, &c.

NEATE.

A Letter from Mr. Camille Pleyel, Principal Partner in the House of Pleyel and Co., Piano Forte Makers to His Majesty, the King of the French.

Paris, January 10th, 1842.

Sir.—I should consider it useless to add my approbation, to all those which you have already obtained from the musical celebrities of the day, if the *Chirogymnast* did not deserve to be considered in a point of view, which belongs more particularly to my department. The evenness of the notes of the Pianoforte being destroyed by constant exercises on five notes, and by the purely mechanical studies on the keys, your invention becomes an auxiliary, as economical on it is useful. I shall add, that most Pianos, that have been much practised on, clearly show the deterioration occasioned by these exercises. To conclude, Sir, your invention seems in my opinion, to unite all that is necessary to give flexibility to the fingers, and the exercise No. 9 will perfect that object.

Receive, Sir, the assurance of my consideration.

CAMILLE PLEYEL.

A Letter from Mr. Cipriani Potter, Director of the Musical Academy, London.

London, Nov. 4th, 1842.

Sir.—I have examined in detail your *Chirogymnast*, which I find extremely ingenious and useful in improving the mechanism of the hand, by giving strength, independence, and evenness to the touch. I think that the exercises of the *Chirogymnast* may also be serviceable to other instrumental performers. Your invention is quite an original one, as nothing I believe has ever before been tried to give extension to the hand and strength and independence to the fingers. What I have observed with interest is the utility of the *Chirogymnast* in exercising the fingers independently of the Piano, whereas in all the inventions which have preceded yours, the hands were confined, consequently did not allow the execution of all sorts of exercises at will. I cannot help complimenting you on the means you have employed for strengthening the third finger, which may thus in a short time, rival all the others in strength. I am persuaded, Sir, that your invention will be adopted by all the most distinguished modern professors and their pupils, and you thus, in the course of time, find your labours and troubles amply repaid.

I beg you to believe me, &c. &c.

CIPRIANI POTTER.

Director of the Royal Musical Academy, London.

Paris, December 26th, 1842.

Sir.—I have examined with attention the apparatus you sent me, and your invention appears to me not only very ingenious, but very useful to the Pianist in general. I think that the exercises on the *Chirogymnast* will give independence to the fingers, and gracefulness to the hand.

I remain, Sir,
EM. PRUDENT.

Paris, December 1st, 1842.

Sir.—The *Chirogymnast* you have submitted to my inspection, and of which you are the ingenious inventor, unites all the advantages of a happy classification in the exercises for making the fingers independent of one another. You have combined in a very small compass, all the exercises to facilitate a brilliant execution, in giving strength and flexibility to the fingers. I adopt entirely your *Chirogymnast*, and can assure you, Sir, of my recommending so clever and useful invention.

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How beautiful are the feet.

I know that my Redeemer liveth.
Lord, remember David.
Lord, to thee each night and day.
Pious orgies, pious airs.
Return, O God of hosts.
Shall I on Mamre's fertile plain?
What though I trace each herb and flower
Where e'er you walk.

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